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SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE name of Sir Edwin Landseer is so illustrious, is in so many mouths, is met with in so many books, that the world forgets that he has family connexions as other men—that he had a father and mother just like common people—that he had a brother just as Frederick Tennyson, who has recently published a volume of poems not unworthy of his family name. Yet such, actually is the case, and we are guilty of no great breach of confidence in stating the fact. But the fame of the one brother had thrown that of the other, comparatively speaking, into the shade. Such invariably is the case. A man has no chance against his brother. Take another name—get the world to believe that you have no connexion with the artist over the way—and you may do something; but with the same name you have no chance. The one will be successful, and the other

for that picture of “Spaniels at Play,” which was the gem of the Exhibition last year, and which one young lady said was nice, and another was charming, whilst another termed it exquisite, and another said it was divine.

Thomas Landseer is the brother that the world does not make much of. It may be that, like Uriah Heep, he is “an ‘umble individual”—that he does not aim high—that ambition does not run in his veins—that his blood is cooler than that of Edwin. One thing is certain, that he paints but little, that he follows his father’s career, and contents himself with the calling of an engraver. Still he can paint and he does paint, and he has his brother’s skill for painting animals. We have already given our readers two engravings illustrative of that fact; we now give them two more. Let us begin with



POLITICAL DOGS.

neglected. The world is a hard world. Its sympathies are sparse and difficult to be got at; it is frugal of admiration; it is getting old now, and, like all old people, it grows cynical and severe. Hence, if it can be got to admire one of a family, it stands to reason that it will have but little of its favour to accord to the rest.

Thus, by the side of his brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer is an unknown man. We don't read in the *English Court Journal* that he has painted a pug for the Prince of Wales, or a poodle for the Princess Alice. We don't hear that he has been down to shoot with Lord Verisopht on his Norfolk estates, or that he was at the Marchioness of Broadstairs' delightful *déjeuner à la fourchette* last week; nor that that rich old banker, Mr. Jones Smith, has given him a cheque for a thousand pounds

POLITICAL DOGS.

Pardon us, good sir, for referring to them. The race is nearly extinct now. They have been banished with other vermin off the face of the earth. Men and dogs are now learning the wholesome lesson, that they can be bettered by no Society for the Universal Emancipation of Rascaldom, by no theory of government, but only by their own genuine and honest worth and will. But there were snarling, snapping, ill-conditioned curs, like those our artist has portrayed, that at one time thought otherwise. Ill born and bred, they were a terrible nuisance in their time, always wrangling and interfering, and minding everybody's business but their own. The whole lot, we'll be bound to say, are not worth a rap; not worth even

stealing, unless by a skilful artist, who could touch them up a bit; paint here a little black and there a little brown, crop their ears and caudal appendages; add here a little and there a little; give them a faint air of fashion, and so fit them for Broadway. Otherwise they are fit for nothing; and when doctored for the market, are, like Peter Pindar's celebrated razors, only fit to sell. You can't trust them. They are as deceitful, fickle, untrustworthy, unprincipled, as it is possible for dogs to be. As to principles, they have not the faintest idea of them. All they care about is the pickings of place. Give them a bone, and they will rush to it from all sides. They realise, "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." That wild and wondrous tale, told by sage nurses in our younger days, ere we had tasted of the world's wickedness and ways—whilst we yet believed that tale of

"Old Mother Hubbard,
Who went to the cupboard
To fetch the poor dog a bone,"

THE PAUPER'S DOG.

Are there such dogs among us? Candidly we confess there are not. But the renegade Alp saw them:

"He saw the lean dogs o'er the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
Growling and gorging o'er bone and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.
From a Tartar's skull they had peeled the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh."

But they are not seen now-a-days; they are gone with the political dogs, of which they were the cause. Reform is a question of eating and drinking. All rebellions, as Lord Bacon says, are rebellions of the belly. It is with your lean and hungry dogs as it is with your lean and hungry men; they are always dangerous to the state—always on the eve of rebellion—always plotting treasons, stratagems, and wars. At one time they were a common sight in England. They were present everywhere as birds of evil omen, and the



THE PAUPER'S DOG.

which proceeds to tell us how

"When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none,"

could never have been true of your political dogs, who would have soon found out the destitute condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and would have been off with the celerity of express trains to more hospitable and better-appointed quarters. The only exception we would make, would be in favour of that right honourable gentleman—we beg his pardon, we mean dog—upon his legs. He is a dog of substance and of weight; but he is in a hopeless minority, and the opposition have got Hansard to quote against him. But why? Has not a dog a fair right to change his opinions? Do we not alter every day and every hour, and can our creed always remain the same? Who is to stereotype a dog's political opinions? To say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and beyond this shall canine intelligence never advance?" The attempt is preposterous. Times change, and we with them. As an illustration of this, take

cry and need of reform came from them. The workhouse and reform had a close connexion. It was the want of the one which helped to create the other. The man who could get no work was compelled to bury his poverty and his sorrow in the workhouse, and the poor dog, that had been the companion of his happy hours, had to starve, and moan, and die at its doors. The pauper's dog! What a miserable life! Always sorrow and want, like a dark shadow on his path, with now and then a faint ray of sunshine—but brief, and scant, and rare! He and misery were companions, and all around him were starved and wretched as himself. Howl, poor brute,—howl, with what power there is yet left in thy lean carcass. With thee are our sympathies. Not nature's laws, but man's perversion of them, have made thee the ill-fashioned thing thou art. Happily thy howlings have not been in vain: the pauper tribe is vanishing. Man, all the world over, has ample scope for his energies and powers. He has now breathing-space and vantage-ground; industry has triumphed, and he has come forth from his house of bondage. He is no longer in chains, but free.